

POOR DOCUMENT

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HARDING VISITS NEW TRIBUNE PLANT; MAKES UP EDITORIAL PAGE

First Telling of His Union Card, President Proves He Is Still a Real Printer After Tour of Inspection Through Model System; Wife Starts Presses.

(Frederick B. Edwards in New York Tribune)

The editorial page of this issue of The Tribune was "made up" by Warren Gamaliel Harding, publisher of "The Marion (Ohio) Star," and for the moment, only incidentally, President of the United States.

President Harding and his party visited The Tribune's model new plant at 225 West Fortieth street at midnight, coming to the Tribune office direct from the performance of the "Music Box Revue." For more than an hour the President dropped the cares of office from his shoulders, set international problems aside and immersed himself completely in the delights of "putting the paper to bed."

Found It Lot of Fun.

This is not hyperbole. To some members of the Presidential party the trip to the Tribune office was just another one of those things required of people in a Presidential party, but to the President and his wife it was a lot of fun. They had not been in the plant five minutes before they were completely at home.

The President and his retinue arrived at about 11:30. They were taken immediately to the editorial rooms on the fifth floor in an elevator which had been reserved for their use. The proud chap who operated the elevator was Eddie Murphy, who admitted he was glad when his responsibilities ended.

On the fifth floor the party was greeted by Ogden Reid and Mrs. Reid, who took personal charge of the tour of inspection which followed. The various members of the editorial staff were introduced to the President and Mrs. Harding.

Reads About Himself.

The inspection began with the room which houses The Associated Press automatic typewriters and the other news service machines. These ingenious contrivances particularly attracted Mrs. Harding, and she laughed gaily when the President, reading the running copy in the first machine, found that he was reading the story of his visit to the theatre.

"You came just in time to read about yourself," she said.

In the telegraph room, which adjoins the service machine alley, the President proved himself a true newspaper man by refusing to break in on Joseph Remington, a veteran Western Union operator and one of the old-timers of the Tribune office. "Remmy," intent upon a story which he was receiving, failed to notice the entrance of the Presidential party, which is nothing unusual for a telegraph operator absorbed in his machine. The rest of the force, less intently occupied, rose in a group to meet the President, but "Remmy" stayed at his key.

The handshaking procedure was over and "Remmy" remained oblivious of everything except his work. Mrs. Harding, as the President turned to go, remarked to him:

"You didn't shake hands with the little man. I think that's rather a shame, because he's the only one who's working."

Smiling, the President walked to the corner of the room where Remington stuck by his key.

"I'm sorry to break in on you," he said, and the operator jumped as though he had been shocked by his own wire.

"Sorry, Mr. President," he said, as they shook hands, "I didn't notice you were here. Pleased to meet you."

It was in the composing room that President Harding reached his supreme height. The make-up man on the editorial page for the evening was Alexander Grant Torrey, Jr., another Tribune veteran and a staunch Democrat. The President as he approached the form which yawned for the galley of editorial matter set alongside it was surrounded by a group of expert-printers intent upon the coming performance, keen to criticize and equally ready to applaud. One of the first things the President did was to tell of holding a card and shake hands with George Beatty, the chairman of the Tribune chapel of "Big Six."

The photographers posed the President and Mrs. Harding with Torrey and J. T. Bardsley, the composing room foreman, while a half dozen flashlight pictures were taken.

The pose called for the President to take his position on the wrong side of the form, and with true printer's instinct he refused to touch a piece of type while the pictures were being taken. Immediately the camera men announced "all set" he moved around the table and picked up his first "take" of type.

A performance utterly amusing to those who had formed the idea that President Harding was merely a "picture printer" followed. With unerring accuracy and speed the President picked up take after take and dropped them into the form in the proper position. He worked with both hands, a custom which adheres to Ohio from long tradition and was strangely new to some of the New York experts who watched it.

Doesn't Miss a Line.

The President completed the first column of the page without missing a



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line. He repeated this performance with another column, and when he had completed the tally he was just one line short.

By this time the Presidential hands were all grimed with ink and the white Presidential vest had an ink streak clear across it, but the Presidential smile was getting more and more illuminating with every motion. If ever a man thoroughly enjoyed himself a his work it was President Harding at that moment.

Faced with the problem of a column one line short, the President picked up a handful of leads and prepared to insert them. "Torry, watching his job develop under the Presidential fingers, indicated a spot where a lead might conveniently be inserted. This may or may not have been done with cunning intent to confuse, for the spot which Torrey pointed out was immediately before a dash placed to connote the end of an editorial. Leads in this particular spot are taboo to all good printers.

The President's eyes sparkled as he looked up at the make-up Democrat, and winked.

"I wouldn't put it there," he said, and the printer grinningly confessed defeat.

"It's a master printer," Torrey said, as the President swiftly completed his task of leading the page out and malletted the type solidly home.

Meanwhile Mrs. Harding had been watching with much interest the making up of a news page under the hands of Joe Bardsley, she displayed a keen appreciation, too, of "Ding's" daily cartoon which she studied from the proof and in the original cut.

From the composing room the party, piloted by Howard Davis, business manager of The Tribune, George Hafnager, the building superintendent, and A. H. Burns, the engineer, passed to the steam tables and to the press rooms on the floor below.

There the party was taken over by John J. Lynch, the press room foreman under the guidance Mrs. Harding pressed the button which started the double battery of monster presses on their nightly run. The detail of the room absorbed the interest of both the President and his wife, and they took a keen delight in the operation of the automatic roll change, which enables the huge rolls of newsprint to be shot into position without the necessity of stopping the presses.

Whole System Admired.

Their comments on this, as on every other detail of the vast equipment, indicated their admiration of the whole scheme, in detail and in the mass. They repeatedly asked for information regarding this or that detail and nodded delightedly at the manner in which the various details were planned to dovetail one into another as explained to them.

In the mail room Mrs. Harding was obviously completely at home. Leaning across a table to shake hands with George Hirsch, one of the handlers, she commented:

"This seems familiar to me. The mail room is my specialty. I used to run our mail room in Marion."

To Claude H. Sandham, the circulation manager, the President expressed his congratulations again, and as the party left the whole mailroom force broke into a spontaneous cheer.

Although there had been no previous notice of the President's visit to The Tribune, a great crowd had gathered in front of the building, attracted by the presence of the police body-guard. There was a further outburst of cheering as the party left the building and passed into the automobile which awaited them.

From the Tribune office the party went directly to the Pennsylvania station, where the Presidential car was attached to the 12:45 train for Washington.

MIDDLEBURY'S GHOST IS CHASED TO ITS LAIR

Dublin, reported. Armed criminals sense and the application of a simple law of physics has chased back to its lair the Middlebury college "ghost," in which even Conan Doyle himself expressed an interest. Edwin Long, of Greenfield, Mass., a sophomore, has been awarded the prize offered by the student newspaper for an explanation of how a face of a man came to appear on a photograph taken through a window of the old chapel at night.

Conan Doyle was shown the picture, but although he expressed deep interest in the apparently ectoplasmic figure, he refused to make a statement concerning its nature because he was not present when it was taken.

Back on the campus, however, Long was busy looking for a natural solution of the mystery. Several oil portraits hang in the rear of the room from which the photograph was taken, and the practical-minded sophomore became convinced that one of them had a lot to do with the case.

An arc light, the investigating student found, stood outside a side window some distance away. That gave him a clue. Noting the angle at which rays of light from the arc would strike the picture, he found that the second angle of reflection would cause the light to strike the window through which the picture was taken. Under certain conditions reproducing an image of the painting on the glass. This image, although faint, had evidently been strong enough to affect a long exposed plate.

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